UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Is the Free Mind Practical? - - - - - - - - - - - - *Randall S. Hilton*

A Minister Looks at the War - - - - - - - - - - - - *Kenneth L. Patton*

What Is in a Name? - *Arthur L. Weatherly*

This Strange Profession - *Rupert Holloway*

Book of the Day - - *Harold P. Marley*

Western Unitarian Conference News

VOLUME CXXX NUMBER 3

Chicago, May, 1944

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Monthly *Subscription $1.50*
Until Further Notice *Single Copies 15 cents*

Published by The Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago 15, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, April 11, 1941, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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Contents

EDITORIAL—

Unitarian Advance—CURTIS W. REESE..... 35

Editorial Comments—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 36

ARTICLES—

Is the Free Mind Practical?—RANDALL S. HILTON..... 39

A Minister Looks at the War—KENNETH L. PATTON..... 40

What Is in a Name?—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY..... 42

This Strange Profession—RUPERT HOLLOWAY..... 43

Book of the Day—HAROLD P. MARLEY..... 46

POETRY—

Bitter Sowing—Alice Gill Benton..... 38

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE NEWS..... 48

THE FIELD—

Western Unitarian Conference..... 34

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

Detroit, Michigan

May 14-15-16

Program

SUNDAY, MAY 14

4:00 P.M.—Laymen's League Meeting
Address: "Labor and the Challenge to Freedom"—Willard Martinson, Ann Arbor, Mich.
4:00 P.M.—Youth Meeting.
Leader: Richard Kuch, Rockford, Ill.
6:00 P.M.—Supper
7:30 P.M.—Conference sermon
"Responsible Freedom," E. Burdette Backus, Indianapolis, Ind.

MONDAY, MAY 15

10:00 A.M.—Business Session
11:00 A.M.—Platform Meeting
Address: "The Challenge to Freedom in Literature," Ralph E. Bailey, Milwaukee, Wis.
12:00 M.—United Alliance, Ministers, Laymen's Luncheon
Panel Discussion: "Strengthening the Local Church."
2:30 P.M.—Alliance Meeting
Address: "Our Alliance Challenge," Mrs. Charles Haycock, Chicago, Ill.
Address: "Alliance Privileges and Opportunities," Mrs. Edgar G. Braun, Detroit, Mich.
Presidents' Seminar.
Mrs. J. E. Donnellan, Cleveland, Ohio
2:30 P.M.—Ministers' Meeting
Address: Wallace W. Robbins, President, Meadville Theological School.
3:30-5:30 P.M.—Open House at Grosse Pointe
6:00 P.M.—Supper
8:00 P.M.—Platform Meeting
Speaker: Philip C. Nash, President, University of Toledo.

TUESDAY, MAY 16

10:00 A.M.—Business Session
11:00 A.M.—Platform Meeting
Western Branch, Unitarian Historical Society.
12:30 P.M.—Luncheon
Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.
Address: "The Forces Destroying Democracy," Claude Williams, Detroit, Mich.
3:00 P.M.—Panel Discussion
"Freedom a Challenge to Unitarians."
Speakers: Randall Hilton, Western Unitarian Conference.
Ernest Kuebler, American Unitarian Association.
6:30 P.M.—Conference Banquet
Toastmaster, Alfred G. Engelhardt, Grosse Pointe, Mich.
Toasts: Morton deC. Nachlas, Marietta, Ohio.
Kenneth Patton, Madison, Wis.
Philip Schug, Urbana, Ill.
Address: "The Challenge to Freedom," Preston Bradley, Chicago, Ill.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXX MAY, 1944 No. 3

Unitarian Advance

The times are ripe for a program of Unitarian advance. The soil of the world has grown a rich harvest of free minds. Never before was there such an opportunity for a movement committed to the principle of the free mind and dedicated to global community. But advance will not be made unless certain definite conditions are fully met.

Among these conditions, and of first importance, is that we must be clear and bold in our interpretation of Unitarianism as a spiritual movement beyond the limitations of any historic religion. We must proclaim a world-unifying gospel derived from the wisdom of all cultures and the knowledge in all fields of modern thought. As an esoteric Christian cult, we have no future and should have none. Such service as can be rendered today by a liberal interpretation of Christianity can best be done by the ecumenical movement within the main stream of Christian theology. Our place is out upon the high seas of the world, where the winds of thought and aspiration blow from many directions. This is not to deny the Christian influence in our history, but it is to say that Christianity is not enough. We must proclaim proudly that we hail from many sources, and that within our portals is home for free minds from whatever cultural heritage they may come.

A second condition that must be met if the Unitarian movement is to fulfill its mission is that leadership must be unqualified in its devotion to the principle of the free mind and to a world program of advance toward new goals. To cherish the black shroud when we need a shining banner is to court death. We do not need leadership that merely tolerates the principle of freedom; we need leadership that will risk its official life for freedom. We do not need the leadership of political manipulation; we need leadership out in the wide open—and out in front.

A third condition of advance is that of democratic collaboration on the part of the ministry. Free ministers want full and free discussion of matters that concern the future of the movement to which they are devoting their very lives. They need the confidence that comes from intimate knowledge of the problems that confront the church in its larger relationships and programs, and they want the inspiration that comes from the free interplay of free minds. No program of advance can hope to succeed without having passed through the fiery test of ministerial consideration and criticism.

Let these conditions be met and we have nothing to fear. All smaller problems that concern us will be resolved in the vigor that comes from a clear purpose, the confidence that comes from courageous leadership, and the loyalty that comes from democratic participation.

Curtis W. Reese.

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

War is terrible in itself—but more terrible, perhaps, in its influence upon everything else. Not a phase of our lives, either within our hearts or without in society, but what is corrupted and degraded! From the moment war begins, we begin as individual persons to go to pieces morally. It becomes a daily struggle to save ourselves from hard feelings, prejudice, passion, and cruelty. We discipline ourselves to decency, and then are horrified to discover at some unguarded moment the wicked thoughts that are lurking in our minds and the lustful feelings that are waiting to possess our hearts. Beset by worries, tortured by pain, tempted by weaknesses of flesh and spirit, we slowly disintegrate and, in spite of every pure endeavor, fall steadily below the level of our own best instincts and desires. I have sometimes thought that if I had to live through a thirty or one hundred years' war, as I have lived through two wars spanning a quarter of a century, I should not be able to recognize myself as the man I want to be. And if the individual thus decays and rots, what about society in the very vitals of which the war is raging? Here increasingly, during wartime, does it become difficult to sustain the precious values of civilized existence. The arts languish, and the sciences are prostituted to the foul business of destruction. Education forgets its own fair aims of knowledge and culture for their own sake, and religion lays aside the precepts of love and the commandments of brotherhood. Then, as though from some hidden depth of infamy, comes spouting and spewing forth every evil that social life has ever spawned. Corruptions that we thought had been eliminated forever appear suddenly like poisonous growths in filthy soil. Juvenile delinquency, drink, prostitution, rape, hooliganism, crimes of brutality and violence, abnormalities and vice, all these, as though under the influence of some black magic, begin to flourish. Every statistical rate of social evil goes shooting up—every disorder of the common life becomes instantly aggravated and thus intensified. What happens in war is that every creative achievement begins to slip and slide from the hard-won heights of civilization into the dark pit of barbarism. If a war lasted long enough, we would be right back in the utter savagery from which we started. As it is, we are on the way, and have already travelled a long distance. And all this people forget when they blithely go to war—and they are actually surprised when one by one the signs of moral and social collapse appear! It might be well to take these things into account in the beginning, and understand early rather than late what we are in for. Perhaps if we did just this, there would be fewer wars!

II

What is left of the Atlantic Charter? Not much! Hardly had it been published when Prime Minister Churchill made it plain that the Charter did not apply to India. Nobody who has any sense of reality ever believed that it did, yet here were declarations which in so many words included India along with the rest of the great body of mankind. Then Joseph Stalin made it plain that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to Poland, or to Finland. They were definitely "out," along with any other little nations that the Soviets might want to manhandle in their own interest. Then came clear announcement that the Charter did not apply to our enemies, Germany or Japan. All of which reminds me of a newspaper story I read recently of what the wildcats in the Adirondacks are doing to the deer. One doe was found by hunters, still alive, but with her haunches all eaten away. Still alive—but only until the hunters could put the poor animal out of her misery! Will not some statesman, or national authority somewhere, do this act of mercy for the poor Atlantic Charter? Here it is being devoured piecemeal by the international wildcats. Why not destroy it? Indeed, to turn back the pages of history a bit, why was it ever written at all? That is a thing I can never understand —why statesmen make public promises which they know perfectly well, if they have any honest intelligence, that they will never live up to. Do they think they can get away with it long enough to accomplish certain purposes they have at heart? When the Charter was published, were the signatories trying to boost public morale for a little while? Were they thinking of the cynical commentary on Lincoln's remark that "you can't fool all the people all of the time"—that you can fool enough of them enough of the time to do anything you want to do? But then comes the reaction on this kind of policy. We are right in the midst of it at this moment—a growing disillusionment in this country and in England as to the purposes of the war and the integrity of the Allies who are fighting it! The people the world over really took the Atlantic Charter seriously. And now they find themselves let down—and they feel like Humpty Dumpty at the foot of the wall. All this is disastrous. Nothing can be quite so fatal to our cause as loss of confidence in our leaders. The Atlantic Charter today looks exactly like the Fourteen Points after Versailles. Remembering what happened after Versailles, it is not very pleasant to look around us and about, and see what is happening now. And nobody is to blame but the men who deliberately created false hopes.

III

Let no one fool himself as to the significance of Wendell Willkie's defeat last month in the Wisconsin primaries and his prompt withdrawal of his presidential candidacy. This was a blow straight and sure at internationalism and a triumph, therefore, of a revived American isolationism. Mr. Willkie has faults aplenty, and as an independent I hold no brief for his Republicanism. But I recognize in him nonetheless the outstanding internationalist in the political field today. He has a vision of "one world" in which America has a responsibility to all the other nations of mankind. He would have America recognize this responsibility and prepare now to discharge it intelligently and bravely when the war is done. He has spoken out for peace in terms of the mutual interests of the one humanity which populates this planet. And the people apparently will have nothing of it! The Wisconsin primary election, in which Mr. Willkie enjoyed the advantage of an active personal campaign, ended in a complete extinction of his presidential hopes, which means a complete repudiation of his ideas. And let no one think that this means an endorsement of President Roosevelt, who is no internationalist in the Willkian sense, and yet would keep this country involved in the military adventures and power politics of Europe and the world at large! The people are already tired of this war—discouraged as to its progress and fearful as to its outcome. The disillusionment which set in at the close of the last war with the collapse of the Wilsonian leadership has already set in in this war in the absence of any such leadership at all. Isolationism is the natural and immediate reaction upon the way this war is going—and as this has ruined Mr. Willkie's candidacy, so it bodes ill for any hopes that Mr. Roosevelt may cherish for a fourth term. I had no especial interest in Mr. Willkie's candidacy, and certainly have none in the President's indefinite continuance in office. But this revival of isolationism I find nonetheless depressing. For it means that the old selfish nationalism is coming back again, and in this there is no hope for the saving of our world. The revolt against the war, and its imperialistic purposes now so clearly manifest, is healthy. But, if it is to accomplish anything, it should take the form of a genuine internationalism which seeks peace in a world-wide organization of mankind. We must have a new world, and this world must be one world, if peace is to endure.

IV

Mrs. Roosevelt was in a commendably modest mood the other day when she declared that she was not competent to sit at the peace table after the war, and nominated Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, of the New York *Times* for the job of representing American women at the post-war conference. Mrs. Roosevelt was also admirably wise in naming Mrs. McCormick, as the latter is a trained and highly informed international student, whereas most peace delegates have only political success to commend them. There is the notorious case of Lloyd George at Versailles who seldom knew which of the smaller countries he was talking about or where it was located. The First Lady's suggestion starts a train of thought on the question as to who after all should sit at the peace table if there is to be any enduring peace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, of course, immediately comes to mind, and, failing him, the Archbishop of York. To these we would add a man like Harold Laski or H. L. Brailsford, and Chaim Weissmann to speak for the Jews of England and the world. From America I would choose Rufus Jones, or any younger Quaker leader whom he might select in his stead, and along with him Pearl Buck. The Pope of Rome would, of course, have a high place, or perhaps some great cardinal named by the Holy Father, to represent the Vatican. Then there would be the president of Switzerland to speak for the neutral nations of the world. Count Sforza and perhaps the great philosopher, Croce, would come from Italy, and Martin Niemoeller from Germany, and Kagawa from Japan, for of course the defeated nations would sit at the peace table along with the victors. Gandhi would represent Asia, and with him Nehru and Mme. Naidu. South America would have to have a voice, but I am not familiar enough with that part of the world to specify any spokesmen of the people. There would be labor leaders from many countries, and leaders of art and learning. These are just suggestions of the types of men and women who should prevail at the peace conference if anything is to be accomplished at all. On the negative side, it would be thumbs down on Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, De Gaulle, Chiang Kai-shek, Smuts, and all who have had anything to do with fighting the war. These are just the men whose prejudices and passions, not to speak of sheer weariness, would be certain to ruin everything. Yet these are just the men who will take the appointed seats, and conceivably write a peace to vie with anything seen at Versailles. This is the supreme irony of war—that those who make it are therewith chosen to make the peace as well. And not peace but another war is the result!

V

I have a fundamental confidence in America and in the American people. And that is the reason why I simply cannot get overexcited about all these threatened dangers on the home front. That amazing best seller, *Under Cover* (how many people actually ever read it through?), undertook to scare Americans out of their five senses by revealing the horrendous things that are going on, menacing the very life of our republic. But when you get right down to the facts, what do you find? A little printing press hidden away here, a little group of crackpots secreted in a cellar there, an occa-

sional meeting of half-wits and perverts somewhere else. Are these forces that are going to destroy America? Though they were a thousand, a million times more powerful than they are, I should still be undisturbed. For I believe that the American people are sound, sensible, healthy-minded, fond of their freedom, and devoted to their country. Imagine the teaching or the example of Hitler making any impression upon this nation! What could be crazier than to fear that Nazism has any attraction of any kind for the men and women who inhabit this broad land! Let the fanatics talk, and print, and assemble. Their silly stuff will be like eggs hurled against a rock. "The eggs of the world will be exhausted," said Motse, the ancient Chinese sage, in a similar case, "ere they harm the rock." The important thing here is to keep America healthy—her mind open, her spirit high, her ideals pure and undefiled. It is like keeping health in the physical body as the sure way of avoiding disease. The germs of disease are all about us all the time. There is not one of us who is not carrying tubercle bacilli in his lungs. A scraping of my throat or yours at this present moment would reveal the presence of microbes sufficient to kill us a dozen times. But there is no danger — so long as the organism is well and strong, and thus able to throw off or absorb these fatal assailants! This is a perfect parallel to the life of a country or a people. Society is an organism, as Herbert Spencer pointed out so many years ago. In this organism, all the time, are hidden agents of destruction, some of them wicked, most of them just ignorant or stupid. But these disease germs of violence and hate and vile conspiracy need cause us no fear so long as the nation is in a healthy condition. A free society can take care of the evils which thus beset it from within. It is when the society becomes feeble and corrupt, when it loses confidence in its own integrity, when the processes of degeneration set in, that there is danger at hand. Those who fear these miserable Bundists and Christian Fronters must believe that America is no longer vital and virile. I disagree! This country has its ills and ailments, but at bottom it is sound to the core. So why worry about these "bugs" that so feebly prey upon us?

VI

This nation is getting finicky — or is it not? The magazine *Esquire* has been denied second-class postal privileges because it published pictures of Varga girls who were about as much undressed as the hosiery, and brassieres, and underclothes girls that crowd the pages of our newspapers and popular domestic journals. Miss Smith's important and highly serious novel, *Strange Fruit,* has been banned from bookshop sale in Boston, because of alleged indecencies in the text. Meanwhile, there came a story from England not so long ago that seemed to enrapture the great and general public. This was the story of the quadruplets, born illegitimately of an unmarried bar-maid and a married American soldier. This tale of a serviceman who got more than he bargained for was nothing more nor less than a particularly vulgar, sordid and indecent tale of adultery. There was not a particle of romance in it. Yet the woman in the case was feted like a May queen, and the father acclaimed as though he were some kind of a hero. The only character in the ugly scenario, not celebrated, was the quiet and respectable wife here at home who was guilty of nothing more exciting than being true to her husband overseas. A little later, the American people began lapping up the foul obscenities of the Lonergan trial in New York and the Charlie Chaplin trial in California. And how they lapped! And how the newspapers ladled out the dirty "goo" in front-page specials! Even the New York *Times,* in the midst of the greatest war in history, had front-page headlines for the Lonergan stuff, and gave liberal space to Charlie and Joan. How moral a people are we anyhow? What do we really care for clean minds and pure speech and noble thoughts? A bold picture, an unusual word or phrase, on the printed page—this is terrible! But give us a genuinely juicy murder, a first-class adultery, or an alleged spicy adventure under the Mann Act, and straightway we wallow in it like pigs in garbage. What we would like to see in all this mess is a little plain, everyday honesty. A humble living of the moral life, or else an open taking down of all the bars of propriety, and "letting her rip!" It is this smirking pretension, this disgusting hypocrisy, that is unendurable. A nation that can revel in the Charlie Chaplin story had better leave *Strange Fruit* alone. And a public that can go sentimental over the adulterous quadruplets might actually be edified and uplifted by the Varga girls.

Bitter Sowing

War seems most bitter in the face of spring,
When beauty quickens in the earth again,
When snowy hawthorn buds are burgeoning
And lilacs spill their perfume in the rain.

War seems most wasteful in the face of spring,
When fallow fields are calling for rebirth,
Calling for strong trustworthy hands to fling
The fertile seed across the waiting earth.

War seems most tragic in the face of spring,
When hands that might cooperate with God,
In causing seeds to grow and hearts to sing,
Are sowing hate and pain on shell-torn sod.

Alice Gill Benton.

Is the Free Mind Practical?

RANDALL S. HILTON

Let me make it clear, at the outset, that I make no claims of being either a philosopher or a theologian. It is not my intention to build a logical justification for the principle of the free mind nor to claim for it some mystical or cosmic support. If I have any justification at all for dealing with this subject, it is that I am interested primarily in its practical functioning in a world that seems determined to obliterate it. This presentation will take the form of the stream of consciousness of one who is genuinely concerned as to whether there is any functional significance in the principle of the free mind.

It was only a dozen years ago that I chose to align myself with that portion of the liberal movement which is known as Unitarian. I chose it deliberately because it seemed to offer the greatest possible freedom for intellectual and spiritual development. That there has been emphasis upon and perfect freedom in intellectual development is true; but there has not been a corresponding emphasis upon the development of the emotions with the result that the spiritual leadership of this branch of the liberal cause has waned until it is a negligible factor in modern life. There are two reasons for this: one is that all liberalism has received a serious setback by the rise of authoritarianism, both within and without its ranks, and the other is that we do not understand the principle of the free mind as a functioning process in human life and human relations.

With the first of these I do not intend to deal at any great length. I merely wish to point out that just as Fascism often uses democratic slogans and methods to establish itself, so authoritarianism in religion often poses in the guise of liberalism. There are those who claim that there is a genius and spiritual richness in our wide diversity which can include in the same fellowship the authoritarian and the agnostic. I find myself more inclined to agree with the man who answered:

> To me it is plain sophistry. There can be no spiritual richness with too wide a diversity. Too wide a diversity means chaos, lack of direction and stagnation which we now have with us. What we need is a redefinition at least every generation. The approach to elimination of obsolete concepts must be without overemphasis of tolerance and appeasement. I believe in the creedless church but with a barricade on the backward road which is moved forward from time to time.

It is with the second cause of this waning spiritual leadership that I am most concerned today, i.e., our failure to understand the principle of the free mind. In 1935 and again in 1943 surveys of the Unitarian branch of the liberal movement revealed that the only unanimous and universally held concept was that of the principle of the free mind. But having discovered this, what have we found and what does it mean?

In the phrase, "the principle of the free mind," or the "free mind principle," we have found a slogan that is intellectually and emotionally acceptable to all of us. Further we have found a phrase that is sufficiently nebulous not to be offensive to any philosophical or theological system. It is a convenient phrase which has been interpreted and utilized by many to give respectability and justification to their prejudices, wishful thinking, and extrapolations. Certainly as it is practiced it would seem to be little more than an intellectualized version of Edwin Markham's famous quatrain which ends, "We drew a circle which took him in."

Many of us, including myself, have said in substance, if not in actuality, to a prospective member of our fellowship: You can believe anything or nothing and still be a good Unitarian; we respect you as an individual and acknowledge your freedom to come to your own conclusions, for we hold in unity of spirit a diversity of convictions; we accept the principle of the free mind. I would have no objection to this if it were an expression of sympathetic understanding of people where they are in their intellectual, emotional, and spiritual development and if it were used as a means of beginning a joint, cooperative search for truth. However, as it is practiced, I am afraid it is all too often used as a means of increasing our numbers and enhancing our financial support.

There have been some very definite results which seem to me to stem from this attitude. We have gained the reputation of being a group of people who do not believe anything. We have contributed to the popular concept that liberals are people who have their feet planted solidly in mid-air, and that we are so understanding of all points of view that we can come to no definite conclusions. Further, this has forced upon our official leaders a "centrist" position which requires that they provide a protective cloak here and a restraining rein there. This is good political strategy but it does not make for progressive spiritual leadership.

As I have experienced the functioning of the concept of the free mind it seems to operate in a contradictory, if not chaotic, fashion, not too dissimilar to the way in which the phrase "free enterprise" is hailed as the fortification of security by both the Communists and the National Association of Manufacturers. Instead of being a principle of mental freedom it takes on more of the aspect of intellectual license. Thus, the mind is "free" to become the prostitute of the emotions, to indulge in the pleasures of intellectual seduction or to voluntarily adhere to a rigorous code of discipline as it chooses.

It is my contention and conviction that, if we are to accept and perpetuate this method of functioning on the part of the concept of the free mind, we then will inevitably be weighed in the balance and found wanting. But more important, it will mean that the development of man will not have intelligent direction but will be left to the results of the tug-of-war between the dogmatic disciplines of radicalism and reaction.

What then is the principle of the free mind, and how should it function? I do not expect to give a definitive answer to this question but only to throw out a few ideas and suggestions.

In the first place, we must conceive of the mind as being inclusive of all the factors that are involved in the process of arriving at a conclusion, a decision, or an attitude. For our purposes, at least, it is more than the cerebral bio-chemical action which results in thinking. If this were all that there is to the mental processes it would be a simple matter to make all men reasonable and rational by giving them a course in logic. We know that all the logic in the world is of no value if our premises are not sound. We know, too, that our premises are arrived at, or accepted, through means in which rational thought may be of little significance. Thus we must include in our understanding of the mind those

other factors which play important roles in the establishment of our premises and attitudes—the emotions, impulses, and that hidden mentor, the other-than-conscious. Only by doing this will we be able to take into account, to understand, or to correlate both the rational and irrational functioning of the mind.

You are familiar with the famous quotation, "On with the dance! No sleep till morn. Let joy be unconfined when youth and pleasure meet." Yet if one's ears were not stopped by the sounds of music and laughter one could have heard the thunder of Napoleon's guns on the outskirts of the city—and Brussels fell. Here is a type of freedom. These merry-makers were free, free from responsibility, free from facing the facts. Is this what we mean by having free minds?

We need to know what we want to be free *from* and what we want to be free *for*. Freedom is a relative term and unless it is given a specific meaning, it has no meaning at all. It is my contention that it should mean for us that we want to be free *from* chaotic conclusions, ridiculous rationalizations, the limitations of historic doctrines and dogmas and from the bondage of habit; that we want to be free *for* consideration of new and higher monitions of conscience, *for* "utilizing all available knowledge derived from the various cultures of mankind and from the world-unifying fields of modern knowledge."

If this is to be the meaning of the free mind for us then we must accept the responsibility for developing the methods, the techniques, the disciplines, that will make it ever possible for us to be vigilant in recognizing and eradicating those things from which we want to be free. This will require that we not only learn to master the logical processes of thought, but that we also will strive to understand and learn to direct and control our emotions. Further, we must try to find and to know the circumstances and experiences that have conditioned our impulses and the other-than-conscious.

Assuming that we accept this concept of the principle of the free mind then we are confronted with the task of revolutionizing our system of indoctrination. Whereas now we indoctrinate by presenting our conclusions and justifying them by appeals to logic and the emotions, we will have to inculcate the disciplines, methods, technique by which the free mind can function. The educational process will evolve around the presentation and demonstration of the methods and techniques, and the showing of the values of such discipline. Certainly it should not be difficult to show that there is more freedom in getting on the horse and riding up the road than getting on and trying to ride off in all directions at once.

One could go on indefinitely to develop various specific disciplines, but it should be sufficient to point out that here we can borrow a page from science and by cooperative effort and the sharing of experience learn to develop a vocabulary and a set of symbols which can have universal meaning and which will make it possible for us individually and jointly to seek improvements in the development of man through a commonly accepted direction and purpose. This would give significance to our assertion that we "hold in unity of spirit a diversity of convictions."

The distinguishing feature of man among the creatures of the earth is that he has the power to go beyond himself. With this concept of the principle of the free mind, I believe that it will be possible for man once again to advance and to usher in a new age, the beginnings of which are already with us. Upon this principle of the free mind it will be possible to build a world-unifying faith which will go beyond the limitations of any historic religion or culture.

It would be the height of optimism to expect all liberals to accept this concept of the principle of the free mind, for there are many who call themselves liberal who are only partially liberated. But I am persuaded that, if the Unitarian movement could accept this principle and make it function with purpose and direction, we could revivify the liberal spirit which offers the only alternative to chaos in the world today.

A Minister Looks at the War

KENNETH L. PATTON

The decision to be made when a war is declared does not depend entirely on what has gone before. At the moment of crisis it does no good to talk of what should have been done twenty years before. There is little doubt that between the wars we were unintelligent, if not immoral, in our attitudes and actions to the now Axis nations. But this is not to say that we could do anything else than go to war when we were attacked.

I would go even further. In my opinion we should have been members of the League of Nations and, if other repressive measures had failed, have declared war on Japan when she invaded Manchuria.

All of us, individuals and nations, are made uncomfortable by the evils in our own past. The road of conquest and empire had been traveled by many of the United Nations before Japan set out on the same trail. The fault of Japan was that she waited until the game had become bad international manners. By the 1920s it was still moral, according to property morality, for a nation to keep what it had gained, regardless of the methods used to get it. This type of morality is not being condoned. However, there were even twenty years ago evidences that the British and American nations were undergoing a change of heart and mind regarding colonies. We were freeing what we had controlled and the British Empire was being transformed into a commonwealth of free nations. Neither nation had reached a state of unsullied sainthood, and neither is ever likely to. Perhaps moralities will always be comparative concerns. But we had passed a turn in the road leading to a freer and a juster world. I believe in the direction in which we were going even if the progress was agonizingly slow.

This whole business put us in an awkward situation when the Axis nations decided a little tardily to cut themselves some of the pie. We had to say, "Yes, we did it, but you can't," and we were morally justified. Even if it is embarrassing we must make clear that our past crimes do not justify others in committing like crimes.

The excuses which Hitler gave for taking over Europe were not morally justified. We were guilty of the sins at Versailles, but even the fact that a nation has been sinned against does not give it the right to

commit vengeance, destruction, and rapine. The delinquency of individual nations can be laid in part to the contributing immorality of the whole world, but even so the world must hold each nation responsible for its actions. The delinquent nation must be restrained. Germany has not given evidences of moral stature above that of her sister nations that would justify the hurt attitude which she has assumed. With all their failures, other nations have behaved with more decency, civilization, and respect for the rights of others than has she, and with all her troubles she should have been a better nation than she was. When other nations had tired of war, had quit arming, had laid aside conquest, the Axis countries reverted to outworn and immoral behavior. They made it impossible to restrain them short of a world war. We could not risk the loss of the democratic dream in allowing the Axis nations to despoil the riches and freedom of the earth. We had to fight. After Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Norway, Greece, France, China, Pearl Harbor, Manila, we had no other course than war.

That decision has its corollary: before we can again resume the task of building toward a better life for all men, this war must be won. I am also in agreement with the unconditional surrender policy of the United Nations. I do not believe that any compromise can be made with the Nazi party or with the military nationalists of Japan. The right of nations to freedom must be limited even as it is to individuals. We should not dictate to another nation the kind of government it should have, but we have the right to demand that no nation will govern and prepare itself with the end of molesting other nations. The peace and security of no nation is safe when other nations are dominated by governments like those of Japan and Germany.

We can do much to repay our past errors in aiding the rebuilding of the world after the war, but most of that will have to wait until the war's end. We should be more concerned with our errors of the moment. We have grown cynical of the possibility of the horrors of war being relieved by any show of decency and charity. I think that is not good for us nor for the world. My judgment is based on a code of social ethics. Boiled down it is this: if your opponents fight dirty it does not justify your fighting dirty in retaliation. We cannot participate in war and keep any sense of honor unless we follow some such maxim.

The price of virtue is not cheap; if we desire to be good persons or good nations we will have to pay the fee. Our enemies chose certain methods of warfare which were not honorable because they were short cuts to victory. Surprise attacks and undeclared war, the massacre of defenseless civilians, and the destruction of helpless cities, terrorism, the slaughter of prisoners, the killing of hostages, the repression of minorities, the coercion of neutral nations, these are weapons open to warriors who believe that in war there are no moral conventions. They should not be open to us, or we are no better than our enemies.

We do have a better record than our enemies. They have pauperized countries and we have rehabilitated them. We have not bombed cities purely for terror purposes and hours after they have surrendered, as the Germans did at Rotterdam and as the Japanese did after Manila was declared an open city. Prisoners have been fairly treated at our hands. We are a haven for refugees, not a creator of them. But we are not all that we should be.

Perhaps the chivalric ideal of women and children first is sentimental rot and the life of any human being is of equal worth regardless of sex or age. If so the slaughter of civilians in air raids should not disturb us any more than the casualties of battle. This seems to be the judgment given when we claim that the killing of European women and children in the destruction of Axis occupied cities is justified because it will cut down our loss in soldier dead when invasion comes. But I wonder if their death can be considered of military value? If the war is expected to last twenty years then I suppose every babe in arms would be considered of military importance. But if their destruction is considered as a morale-shattering weapon, can religious people justify such warfare morally? Yes, Germany taught us how; she started it. But can we afford to be such apt pupils of our enemy if we claim to be fighting for something different than she?

I realize there is room for difference of opinion as to the justification of bombings. Some say they will shorten the war and in the end save lives. Perhaps we should get our bath of blood and have done with it. The Germans have undoubtedly located centers of military importance near hospitals and residential areas to influence the Allies to pass them by, and to incriminate them if they do bomb them and destroy other areas inadvertently. It has been reported that the Gestapo would not permit the evacuation of Hamburg, even though the R.A.F. dropped notices that they would be back the next day, thereby greatly increasing the horror and slaughter. Perhaps we can thereby say the blame lies with the Nazis. Perhaps a city like Hamburg is in its entirety a military and industrial target and therefore fair prey. From the point of view of military tactics the bombing of military, industrial, and transportation targets is justified. But the general bombing of great residential areas is to me as horrible in Germany as in any country which the Axis has attacked. From a practical point of view, if we did win the war with the loss of fewer lives, but by such bombings created such hatred in the hearts of millions of people that another war would grow out of it, the practice would surely be of doubtful economy.

For similar reasons I believe we are not justified in withholding food from the hungry peoples of occupied Europe. Neither the death nor the starvation of women and children is a fit weapon for civilized people. The neutral ships and neutral personnel to do the distributing are available. Admitting that we might be playing into the hands of the Germans to feed the people they made hungry, men of good will cannot help sometimes playing into the hands of those who have fewer scruples. We would accomplish a greater moral victory by feeding those the Nazis are starving than we are liable to win by using hunger as a weapon.

We err also in our lack of clearly defined objectives and concrete assurances to all peoples that we will participate in building a decent and free world for all men. We talk of the Four Freedoms, but we are cold with self-interest and profit and our grasp is firm upon our own possessions. In the face of the great price the United Nations are paying, you would think to give the colonies back to the people who live in them would not be too much to pay for the trust and respect of the world and the assurance of peace. Will England gamble Hong Kong and India against another world war? Are we about to cover the globe with our air fleets as Britain has covered the seas with her navy? Some voices indicate that we are about to take over the seas

too. Will we take the islands from Japan and make a Pacific empire for ourselves? Will we take the Indies from the Japanese and give them back to the Dutch and the French? Will we lower immigration restrictions against Orientals and obliterate race discrimination both within and without our nation? Will we enslave the Axis nations or help them to free and respectable self-government? These questions need answering in promises and present action that cannot be misconstrued. We are morally delinquent in not clearing these issues.

Personally I would have an easier mind if I could either go all the way with my pacifist friends and say that all warfare is wholly unjustified, or agree with my more belligerent friends on the other side that the present policies and conduct of the war by the United Nations are wholly justified. Either way would be clearer, simpler, and less controversial. Now I find myself in disagreement with those of both extremes, and wartimes are times of extreme opinions, for they are times of extreme actions. But I am afraid that I am a doubter. You will find me arguing against the extremes of almost any controversy, for what seems to me to be the truth usually lies somewhere between the poles. For me this is a world of half-rights and half-wrongs. It is a world where the virtue is shared by all and the sin is shared by all, some more, some less. I am afraid that we are all half-breeds morally speaking, as nations and as individuals.

There is a dream of goodness, justice, mercy, freedom, plenty, brotherhood that commands my allegiance. I must ask that my country, faulty nation among other faulty nations, hold herself open to continual judgment in strength and humility. There is a commonwealth of the race of man and the whole earth, a great single nation of all human brothers, in which I am a citizen and to which I owe an allegiance superior even to that to the country of my birth. I would be but a more unworthy citizen of America were I a traitor to this higher citizenship. It is only in this framework that, as a citizen and a man of religion, I can look upon this war and know my own mind and heart.

What Is in a Name?

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

There is general agreement among all anthropologists that the idea of "pure race" is a figment of the imagination. It is agreed that there are ethnic groups that have certain physical characteristics more or less in common. But even these groups are the result of mixtures of previous groups, and their physical characteristics in time become widely scattered among other groups.

Our magazines and papers contain many references to "the Negro race." We can fairly refer to the African peoples but not to the Negro race. Dr. Felix von Luschan, one of the greatest of the German anthropologists of the past generation, says: "The natives of Africa, who were considered not long ago to be a homogenous mass, now turn out to be a most complicated mixture of quite different elements, the outcome of immigration at different periods and from different parts of the globe." To contend that there is a European race or even a pure white race is to ignore the fact that into Europe in the past there came an innumerable number of ethnic stocks that became the ancestors of the present Europeans. Over a period of thousands of years African people migrated to Europe. Dr. Arthur Keith, eminent English anthropologist, says that fourteen thousand years ago the problems of mixtures of types of the human race in Europe would have presented to the anthropologist, if he could have been present at that time, the same problems with which he is confronted today.

The evidence that there is no such thing as pure race must be put into the scrap heap along with the idea of the flatness of the earth. This is a hard thing to do. Most of us like to cherish the thought that we are different and in some mysterious way superior to others.

There is no evidence that the mental power of any group is superior to that of others. The mere assertion that there is such superiority is not evidence of its reality. The long record of intellectual achievement by members of a belated culture when they come into contact with a more advanced culture puts mental superiority into the realm of superstition. It is only when we close our eyes to the testimony of anthropologists, ethnologists, and the facts of history that we are able to talk of mental superiority.

In view of these facts it is obvious that we cannot claim that there is an American race or that the people of the United States constitute a race. And it is just as true that there is no group in these United States to which the word race can be applied with any scientific accuracy. The color of the skin cannot be used for such a purpose. If so, many in Europe who are darker in skin color than many Africans would no longer be classed as Europeans. We all, fair and dark, come from one stock. Color has no significance in any classification of peoples.

It is because of all this that there seems to me to be not the slightest justification for using the phrase, "the Negro race," in the United States. We, it is true, have what practically constitutes a group or caste among us, which we designate as colored in spite of the obvious fact that many in this group are lighter in color than some of those who are not in it. This does not make sense, but for the present we are compelled to accept it. But we need not accept and cherish the idea of a Negro race with all that it implies of not only separation but also superiority. The overwhelming majority of the human race is colored. They, not the white peoples, give promise to inherit the earth. As I look at pictures that appear in *The Crisis* of intelligent, distinguished-appearing and beautiful men and women who have contributed largely to the cultural life of America, it seems to me absurd to class these people as anything other than Americans. To say that these belong to the Negro race is scientifically false and sociologically bad.

We belong to one race and that is the human race. This is scientifically true and sociologically good. We are of one blood, as St. Paul said. Let us always affirm it.

This Strange Profession

RUPERT HOLLOWAY

A minister who looks back over thirty-two years of preaching wonders at times what he has accomplished through the spoken word; and feels fortunate if he can fortify his soul with the memories of people his ministry has helped in the time of their misery and trouble. A Unitarian preacher is certainly fortunate in another way: however much or little he helps others he helps himself a great deal; his own search for light and love is the substance of his speaking; his work is a record of research into such problems as seem to him to be the major obstacles to the good life. He does not have to wrestle with "holy" words torn out of their context, or endure the tribulation of twisting his thought to titillate the sense of "true believers." His own spiritual honesty is what the psalmist calls the breastplate of his righteousness. He is forever turning over on his tongue the words that are spirit and life. Preaching for him, in truth, is a *way of life,* not a bypath along which he meanders when the highway is overfull of traffic.

I am one of those who found Unitarianism. I was not born to it, and as far as I know, my forebears had no acquaintance with liberal religion. I made the discovery in that precocious year of my life which Milton made famous by a wonderful sonnet, "On His Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three."

To be twenty-three and intellectually alive, a famous literary editor in London warned me, was dangerous. The brain was morbidly alert to find untruth; the senses were too exacting; ambitions were confused and ambiguous; and of wisdom there was wondrous little. I belonged to a skeptical age, one which was adrift and had neither chart nor compass. Time was a tyrant then and hopes were fragile things. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," the poor sustenance for our sick souls, wailed the loss of more than a friend. I knew by heart that long poem, as did other young men who roamed restlessly the streets of London in nineteen hundred. James Thomson's poem, "The City of Dreadful Night," was another haunting refrain of our lost youth:

"Speak not of comfort where no comfort is."

That midnight melody was a song of despair; and its beauty was all we had as compensation for our frustration. The churches were moribund; their graveyards more gracious than their catechisms, and more comforting. The clergy were fretful. In my childhood the vicar of a parish church, in the town of my nativity, fulminated against the iniquity of the townspeople in erecting a monument to Darwin. A gale blew down the church spire, and the cleric declared that God was angry. Why Deity destroyed the spire instead of the infidel statue, he did not explain. Darwinism was in those days a thick fog that lay over everything "sacred."

I had given up for myself all the uses of genuflexion, and made obeisance to nothing and nobody; I was footloose in the damnable universe and all the roads were closed. Glancing back, one can laugh at that immature discomfort; it was no laughing matter then. There was literally no foundation for faith; only later did religion come to bargaining terms with evolution, and rest itself in the theory of Divine Imminence. Older men, vigorous through wrestling with the demons of life, might be masters of their fate and captains of their souls; the young men, lacking that stamina which comes with the years, had no courage and no compensations; they were blown off their rightful course by every wind. Our ideals were frail, tenuous things that faltered in the face of every evil; the devil was on the throne of the universe, and all we could do was to defy his omnipotence.

We of the twentieth century have weathered that storm of skepticism which blew too hard for the Victorians. But it is no use pretending that we have been blown into a snug harbor of faith; the human brain has not yet lost its bewilderment over the birth in our minds of a relativistic universe. We are silent before the mystery. We but level one lift to pass beyond. Fortunately for us we no longer live in a theological age; and we have mental and spiritual resources that the Victorians did not have. Yet today, a liberal minister drops across young men, and old, who are defeated and defiant. It is discernible, that mood, in the hard eyes of people you meet on the street. An artist does not shock us when he paints "American Gothic"; we are amused; but we should be embittered did we not have the new Freudian insights into human frustrations and phobias, which the liberal minister has today, as witness Harry Emerson Fosdick's excellent book, *On Being a Real Person.* Fosdick saves the individual soul not by theology half as much as by science. In my twenty-third year, Freud and the psychoanalysts were almost unknown to the pious brethren in the churches, and any painter who had asked me to sit for him could have called the portrait, "Gloom Unlimited."

Our spiritual resource at that time was a strange religious concoction made famous by two Divines—R. J. Campbell of the City Temple in London and Doctor Orchard of King's Weigh House Chapel, the latter a Presbyterian who later joined the Church of Rome. The name for this concoction was "Liberal Christianity" and it had an excellent weekly periodical, *The Christian Commonwealth.* I literally ate it up, for it was the most modern religion of the new age, and was fervently patronized by those who wished ardently to make Christianity once again a going concern—

> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.

It was another attempt to justify the ways of God to man, which had been challenged so drastically by Haeckel, Huxley, and the other thoroughgoing evolutionists with the competent aid of the Rationalist Press Association. It attempted also to re-establish human responsibility for those who had been shaken by determinism, the mechanistic doctrine popularized in England by an able journalist, Robert Blatchford. But the skepticism went too deep to be uprooted by the amateur spading of these mushroom theologies; science had come to stay. Nevertheless, we were all straddling the stream those bitter days—with the help of Browning and others who were intellectually superior to both Christianity and science, and were on the side of Love and the universe in general.

Being inadequate to such a huge job as the radical integration of science and religion, I did what everyone

else had to do in the circumstances: I created my own design for living. Psychology has since made us more adept at that performance; and everybody now dabbles in this pseudo-art. I carried on at the same time my old habits; I had been a trained choirboy in the Church of England; and after settling down into London ways, I offered my bass voice to a Wesleyan chapel choir. A person of Welsh extraction, as I am, could do no other than indulge himself in group singing.

If the anthems were as second-rate as the tones of the mixed voices, I made one interesting discovery in that Methodist chapel, and I can see now that it was among the beneficial discoveries I made at the time: I found that God was a democrat and did not reign as King (aided by the King of England) over the Church of England; neither did he operate the English class system. An American, not having been brought up to know his personal place in a caste society, could not appreciate the relief this discovery brought. My early religion was almost feudalistic. London religion, like that of all big cities, tended towards democracy. One had to find an institutional or social embodiment of an idea before it really got into one's obstinate, habit-ridden nervous system. The Wesleyans "saved" me in a way different from their intention—I became a Republican!

So far, my progress was hardly discernible, and was distinctly of a negative character, save for the emancipation I experienced from "conditioning" by the Church of England, in which, a mere infant, I had been baptized, and, a mere boy, confirmed by holy rite. Gone forever, now, were the sweet days in which, as an acolyte, I had followed submissively a robed priest to the foot of the altar, being mighty careful he did not stumble over his own train. I had arrived at indifference. The only comfort was the choir; and the poetry, and the writing which had always been my mental resource.

Being by now fatalistic, I should have had a priority on peace, and instead I was living on a bleak ration of despair, for I believed I should never find that compass by which I could steer my own soul into its harbor or roam the seas unafraid. And, to make it certain that the cup of misery should overflow, I was at the time earning my daily bread in a London workhouse—not, thank heaven, as a pauper, but as one who succored the poor—relieved them as far as the Local Government Board would allow; and that was to the extent of keeping them alive in their desperate penury. The poor devils had to sing the songs of England as outcasts inside grey walls.

At that stage of my pilgrimage I was extremely tolerant, though this was not due to any inner grace; it arose out of the conditions of metropolitan life. A young man who had escaped the limitations of a medieval town and taken on the astonishing dimensions of a Londoner had wings to fly anywhere. So I found myself, next, in a Baptist Bible class in a suburb of straggling London, where a hundred young men gathered on Sunday afternoons, under the guidance of a salesman of negligee, in a silk hat and cutaway coat, to discuss fervently the Christian life, upon which they had entered by believing in the "saving blood" on Calvary. My willingness to belong to this medieval class had in it no desire to conform to their outmoded sanctity. I was still foot-loose in a huge city where fellowship was heaven and the lack of it was hell. The experience did me more good than harm. Such exultation as they showed in being "saved"; their spiritual narrowness; their sectarianism, which took in hell and heaven but did not extend beyond the chapel chairs—all served to break up my old feelings and habits of thought. I knew they were marooned—isolated from that boisterous flood of what Havelock Ellis called "the new spirit," which swept up to their doors in a mad angry rush, and receded in disdain.

Some fortunate folk may make mental and spiritual progress in a straight line; I went round in circles. While clinging to childhood piety through these ambivalent adventures, my mental energy was pouring itself into the irrigating ditches of the New Age, then being dug by such men as Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, the Webbs, and other Fabians. I was fifty per cent revolutionary. Wells levelled my parochial stockades and sent me roaming the earth a world-citizen. Shaw exorcised my theological conscience and gave me what I still prize: a biological one. Sydney Webb made me methodical in social reform.

I still needed a spiritual home. I had an ache to be taken in on honest terms by a religious group; my failure with the London evangelicals was mortifying; the rationalists left me bleak. I wanted holy communion if not "the communion of the saints." And, strangely enough, it was a blind man who led me into the light. He was the organist of the Unitarian church in Stratford, a suburb lying between Epping Forest and Whitechapel. I had taken a room in his mother's house. He will never know what he did for me. Unwittingly he gave me the compass I had been seeking, the compass to spiritual freedom.

This discovery of the freedom of the soul, which is a Protestant affirmation almost entirely abrogated in Protestant history, was my good fortune in that Stratford church. I had found the clue to my own growth, to my own identity as well; I had found in myself the foundation of a new faith, the dignity of my own personality.

The soul's freedom is the discovery of a moment, and it is also the achievement of ages; the soul moves step by step into its own territory and explores the new land. Religious freedom, as commonly understood (you find it in the Atlantic Charter), is a choice between spiritual masters; a man may be a Catholic or a Protestant, may join this sect or that, accept this dogma or the other dogma. The soul is not so delimited; it moves freely within itself, and finds the nurture which is fitting to its own independent life. The Emersonian emphasis on self-reliance is no outgrown or discarded dogma; though the soul is a community and cannot exist for or by itself, no one would deny that it is a center of forces, and that it has an unshared as well as a shared experience. I found my own private soul among the London Unitarians, and had now an institutional basis for a belief in its autonomy.

I had still a long way to go. Unitarians in England at the time of which I speak were respectable theists. The most progressive among them were disciples of Theodore Parker, the American, and treasured "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity." The tradition of "good taste" kept all of them within bounds; and Martineau was still their saint. Their religion had not a scientific but a literary flavor; and it suited me well enough. Darwin was real to me, but so was Francis Thompson; and while I followed the

"ascent of man" willingly, I went as absorbedly on the trail of the "Hound of Heaven," or dug down, with Matthew Arnold, into the soil of "The Buried Life." But I had no doubt about my feet being on the open road of the Universe; I knew I was traveling with the Great Companions. The poets fell into line; Tennyson's "honest doubt" was not only more full of faith than half the creeds, it became the self-searching of the soul on its way to the Divine.

I became a lay-preacher in London pulpits, spoke from the end of the Unitarian Van (a cabin on wheels) in the poorer of the London suburbs; taught in the church school; and wrote for the *Sunday School Quarterly*. I had for years indulged a taste for public speaking, and my initiation had been through debating with anyone who offered, on any subject that he chose: I debated with a professor at London University on the reform of education; with a schoolmaster on the advantages of secular education over sacred. I debated the morals of Nietzsche in the columns of the Saturday *Westminster Gazette* (a literary periodical). I went to revival meetings and challenged the evangelist to debate the errors in the Bible. This was pardonable zeal but not very productive of truth. I found a more satisfying outlet for myself in preparing sermons; and this led me to think of the liberal ministry as a vocation, but I was still far from wishing to give up a government job which guaranteed me not only a living and a pension but plenty of leisure to carry on any hobby I had. However, I sat for the entrance examination at the Home Missionary College in Manchester, a Unitarian school, and though I passed in every other subject, I was asked to sit again for New Testament Greek. By the time, six months later, I had learned enough to pass an examination of the same grade as before, the requirement had been stepped up to the grade of a Bachelor of Divinity degree and I was ploughed again, though my tutor, a fine Greek scholar, had me protest against the difficulty of the examination paper. Later I applied for admission to Manchester College, Oxford, sent copies of two sermons as evidence of my theological interest, and was admitted for the usual number of years on the recommendation of both Prof. Estlin Carpenter and Dr. L. P. Jacks, who had liked the sermons.

By that time, however, the private soul—which now had its own way of making gestures — decided that I would be better off in America, where there was at least no class system to short-circuit the free communication of human beings one with another. I emigrated in 1914, to begin in earnest this strange profession of the Unitarian minister, and to be democratic in a larger sense than was possible in Europe. What has happened since then is another story, one I am now endeavoring to tell through the medium of the novel. But let me, in closing, give the substance of my faith in life—the faith of a Humanist and one who is well content to be still only on the threshold of the soul's possibility.

A Humanist, as I understand him, is one who feels at home on this earth, notwithstanding the evil that is part of the cosmic process. The modern man may suffer at times from superstitious emotional "hangovers" but he is conscious of the riches of nature rather than of its defects, and grateful that he is part of this amazing richness. The poverty of the pietist, in comparison, is all too apparent; like the dog in the fable who, with a bone in his mouth, drops it to bite at its reflection in water, the pietist is always more sure of the shadow than the substance. A child's bubbling laughter has more "salvation" in it than all the sacred lore of the past. The feeling out of the mind's antennae—the imagination—into the stuff of things, seeking its nature and its use, is more inspiring than any omens or oracles of the saint. The self-giving of the great artists, who are vitalized by visions of the beauty of the world, is more redemptive than the grace of a supernatural god. The human senses—eye and ear and nose—and the human brain which reaps their harvest are such astounding tools that only a dolt could wish any others. All things, it turns out, are ours richly to enjoy. And a man would be ingrate who churlishly demanded more or different.

There is no more he can rightfully claim; and no different he can want. He has love and joy, the communion of his kind, the key to the cosmos of fact and fancy. He is marvellously adapted to make creative use of what is "given." If he lived a million years, a sensitive man could not exhaust the possibilities of the cosmic life he shares with other animals. The prodigal outpouring of mental and spiritual wealth is beyond the grasp of the best of us. All we are and all we can become are part of this amazing universe.

The full statement of our mysterious existence and experience as cosmic beings, no philosopher or scientist, no poet or seer, can make. There are no sufficient images of it, no words to describe the glory and the grace. A mother cannot even express what she feels when a new-born baby finds its way into her arms. Wordsworth cannot tell all he feels viewing a flower at the river's brink. A scientist is speechless before time and space and the unity of all things. For a time we live amidst these incalculable immensities; we live and move and have our being in them; we are a loving, hoping, thinking part of them; we are ourselves a marvellous outcome of all their past, and in us is wrapped up the portent of their future.

There is no terminal point; there is always a new point of departure. The Universe, as Whitman said, has many roads for traveling souls. The main thing is to be sure one is going forward.

A Unitarian minister is one who knows that the roads are open only to *free* men and women. He is a Paraclete, urging them on to the life abundant.

The Protestant Church we find to be not one but many—and that is its disease, and also in a sense its downfall. Even the most cursory examination of the Yearbook of American Churches will show one that the Protestant Church is a split personality. Schizophrenia is a mental disorder of the first water. The cure is not simple but must be effected at all costs if Protestantism is to survive. And the survival of Protestantism requires that there be less protesting on the part of the numerous denominations, less protesting against each other, and more straightforward affirmation of the real truths of religion. Of these truths, one of the most important is the fact of the dignity of man—of all men—and implied in that, the fact that religion was made for man and not man for religion.

ALFRED SCHENKMAN.

Book of the Day

HAROLD P. MARLEY

If every age has its problem, it also manages to produce a book which arouses people to a realization of what the problem is. In Revolutionary War days it was *Common Sense.* In Abolition days it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Today a book which is stirring the public is *Under Cover.* This adventure story which heads the list for non-fiction may be the volume that will give to America, which is sacrificing blood and money to defeat Fascism, a self-portrait of what it is she is fighting.

For here is a thrilling and true account of the experience of a naturalized citizen, Arthur Derounian, who risked his life to uncover things which the Dies Committee should have exposed. That part of the public which has never read much about "issues," is seeing for the first time plottings in the dark corners of our big cities, which lead to race riots, street violence, and threats of revolution. It is the story not only of a young man, it is the backyard picture of American life, an America which grew too big too fast, and which believed all the gigantic lies which were fed to it about Russia and other political trends the world over. For four years the hero of the book moved in the circle of the demagogues, learned their language of hate and deceit, which was the magic password into their confidence. People who hated Jews and Russians never once detected that he was an Armenian—not an Italian.

Here is a book which tells America that the freedom of speech and assembly, for which we fight, can be used as a booby trap to destroy us. The very difficulty of finding a publisher indicates how completely unfree is the press of the land. Like *Common Sense,* this manuscript contained so much dynamite that no one wanted to risk putting it into print. Unlike the shorter work of Tom Paine, it does not put its finger on the philosophy back of a war, but on particular people who are fighting a war within a war. It was these people, and quotations from their lips, which E. P. Dutton and Company had to scrutinize before turning the manuscript over to the linotypes. That the subject was unpopular is shown by the fact that no less than nineteen publishers turned down the material twenty-eight times. That it has teeth is proved by the fact that lawsuits and congressional investigations have been threatened and then dropped. That it is effective sleuthing is indicated by the exposé of eight men against whom Federal indictments have now been issued.

If the publishers had to protect themselves from libel, the author had to protect himself from a disruption of his whole scheme, gradually hatched in his mind while getting a degree in journalism at New York University and after going to an address where "Jew" pamphlets were disseminated. Officially his sleuthing against the fascist-minded began when the editor of *Fortune* gave him an assignment to get behind such things as the Christian Front in New York City. Later the Friends of Democracy, headed by a Unitarian minister, gave him an assignment. This proved to be a perfect correlation, like two sides of a coin. The Reverend L. M. Birkhead had bulging files of material, had been in Germany where he discovered the Julius Streicher secret files of Nazi-sympathizers, and while still a minister in Kansas City had almost single-handed defeated the threat of Gerald Winrod to enter the United States Senate. Derounian was to go out and do the leg work which would put life into the documents. All good movements must be incarnated. The enemy would have to be confronted not only by verbal barrages, but there would have to be a time bomb planted behind the lines.

It was a bold mission, requiring absolute nerve, and the spirit of personal sacrifice. Long hours were kept, men he hobnobbed with carried Luger automatics, and on one occasion he slept on a daybed by night, which a dog enjoyed by day. All his information had to be written down while still "hot" and sent off to a New York address, together with photostatic copies of precious documents which he borrowed from unsuspecting zealots. Just how difficult was the Detroit assignment can be gathered from the record of the late Black Legion which killed with impunity just such people as Derounian. He was wise in putting his affairs in order before he took the train for the sprawling motor city. He knew that the Black Legion was dead but he suspected that the National Worker's League was its dauphin.

Under Cover is not a great book, either as literature or as interpretation of the undemocratic side of American life. It is merely the account of a great experience. It is captivating to the imagination because it personifies America—a one-man Lewis and Clark exploration into the uncharted badlands. Here is a young Armenian, born in Greece, who came to this country with the typical hopes of those who see the Statue of Liberty for the first time. He worked his way along as cook, gardener, photographer, and writer. He came with that fresh perception of the outsider who soon detected two Americas—one, the great mass of people who are to be trusted; the other, that diseased minority who are sick of the masses and the democratic method. The former group he enjoyed as he knocked about the streets of New York; the latter group he exposed in his book.

Other men have been at work on this problem. Spivak had previously bearded the great Gerald L. K. Smith in his den but his interview ended, almost before it began, in a hot argument. The disclosures of Spivak were calculated to show that the small fry were tied up with industrialists, but he was unable to name names or turn material over to the Department of Justice, as did Derounian. Another book is *Facts and Fascism* by George Seldes. Seldes in his *In Fact* carries on a continual campaign of social research and exposure of facts neglected by 98 per cent of the press but he does it from an office chair and from tips which come his way. He has not been able to dramatize his message, which is more interpretive of native Fascism. *Sabotage,* like *One World,* sells like hot cakes in inexpensive form at the newsstands. It and *Under Cover* are the "what" of the American Fascist movement. They show how former Bundists became America-Firsters and how a much larger number of America-Firsters became something else. It is this "something else" which is a reproduction of the Nazi line of Jew-baiting and Communist-hounding, plus various aberrations in par-

ticular places, like anti-Negroism in Detroit. They do not explain the "why" and do not show how all this is a part of a grand pre-counter-revolution against the Century of Man which is in the dawning.

Derounian's observations proved to be a foretaste of events which later occurred. The Detroit race riot could have been predicted by the Sojourner Truth riot which preceded it. In other places where there have been disturbances, such as in Harlem and in Boston, one can look back in the book and find the leaven of hatred being planted at mass rallies where inciting things were said and lurid leaflets were distributed.

By identifying himself with the people he was investigating, the author was cut off from contacts with liberal groups such as the Civil Liberties Union and more leftist committees which had been working on the problem of native fuehrers even before Huey Long was shot. Had he had these contacts he could have added information about such groups as the United Sons of America, headed by E. E. Maxie, which is a camouflaged Klan honeycombing Detroit and overlapping with the Ford payroll. But he did not set out to do an exhaustive piece of research. When he did approach Leftists, he did it as an "investigator" and found them to be suspicious, and rightly so after the Dies persecutions. If he had been able to penetrate their ranks he would not have found rifle ranges for the target practice of those who believe that the writings of Marx and Lenin are sufficient ammunition. He would not have found them linked with industrialists who pay for the bodyguard of the portly Gerald L. K. Smith. His quotation from Rex Stout about Communist political ethics is a little unfortunate as it throws some doubt upon his ability to judge those on the other side of the fence. On the last page he definitely avows a middle-of-the-road position.

Derounian's "faith" is that "America will remain a government by all, for all." He might better have said, "become," and that it eventually will include the virile thinkers on the Left. It will even have to include the people on the extreme Right, those lawbreakers whom he exposed. Some day these silver-shirt or green-shirt dreamers will put aside the drab gray prison shirt and return to their old haunts. The integration of these "leaders" into the America of the future will somehow be done, but the seeds which they have sown will plague the nation for a generation. Pressure of consumers can cause a Carl Mote of the Northern Indiana Telephone Company (exposed in *Under Cover*) to come down off his fascist horse, as it caused an oil concern to discontinue the news broadcasts of Boake Carter. Pressure can always modify the political position of those who are selling something, but America is weak in the knowledge of her own democratic strength. Even in organized labor which is the greatest single influence today for a government "by all, for all" there is still a hangover of the "get all, for us" philosophy.

America will have to produce a primer, and then an adult school where the primer may be read and reread, until Americans know the American tradition of getting the people to manage their own destiny—not only at the polls, but in the realm of industry which gives them their bread and butter, or, as often happens, takes it away. *Under Cover* is the prelude to this primer. It is the thing which will convince America that it needs to go to school. The American primer will not prate of "nationalism" but will lay the foundation for an equitable world order. It will go to the pulpit, along with the Bible, just as *Common Sense* went with the almanac and the Holy Scripture in the carts of ancient venders. A few churchmen, aligned with such "front" organizations as the Church League of America in Chicago, will not like this primer any more than they do *Under Cover*. For them it will be un-American. Russia and Mexico did not equivocate with the churches which opposed the teaching of the new primer in their lands. Because of its tradition of Freedom of Worship, America will go more slowly in the matter of ecclesiastic reform, but it can insist that when politics is introduced into religion it shall conform to the neo-politics of our day and not be an unholy alliance with Fascism.

Derounian got on the train on New Year's night to go to California to rest. But there is no rest for this weary young man. He is in demand as a lecturer, to tell the people face to face what he has given them in the printed page. He is very much in the middle of the bitter acrimony which has been set going, which he anticipated in the last pages of his book when he raises the question as to whether the "countless 'friends' I met in the Nazi underworld will permit me to live." He finds again the same old effort to boycott him, like the boycotting of his manuscript, but he is encouraged at the tremendous circulation. He is reassured that America is waking up. When America does awake, it can thank Wendell Willkie for its idea of the *One World,* and it can thank Arthur Derounian for removing the cover from the undemocratic forces which have given us not one America, but two.

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If ministers who have sermons or worship material published will send 60 copies to the Conference office, we will distribute one to each minister in the area. If additional copies are desired, they can be ordered direct from the one who published them.

Mrs. Dorothy Schaad, our Office Clerk, gives excellent service in the filling of orders for books and materials. We carry in stock all Unitarian and Beacon Press publications. What is not in stock we will be happy to order for you. Prompt and efficient service is guaranteed.

Since January 1, the Secretary has visited the following churches: Chicago Area—First Church, Third Church, Evanston, Hinsdale, People's, People's Liberal, Unity; Illinois—Alton, Bloomington, Geneseo, Moline, Rockford, Urbana; Iowa—Cedar Rapids, Des Moines; Kansas—Lawrence, Topeka; Missouri—Kansas City; Michigan—Ann Arbor, Detroit, Grosse Pointe; Minnesota—Duluth, Virginia; Ohio—Toledo. The Secretary has also attended two A. U. A. Board Meetings, and has given the Billings Lectures at Kansas State College, Manhattan.

THE CHURCHES

Alton. Rev. John G. Gill began his pastorate there on March 12. Mrs. Carl Taylor and Mrs. R. L. Turner are the immediate past and present presidents of the Y. W. C. A.

Bloomington. Primarily as a result of the efforts of the church under the leadership of Rev. Gerald Weary, the School Board rejected the Released-Time Plan for Religious Instruction in the Public Schools.

Cedar Rapids. Rev. Waldemar Argow, Jr., will begin his pastorate of the People's Church on September 1.

Chicago First Church. At the Annual Meeting in January, Dr. Von Ogden Vogt announced his retirement as of next fall. The Pulpit Committee has arranged for candidates to be heard this spring so that the ministrations of the church may be continuous.

Chicago Third Church. The Church School is one of the experimental religious education projects under the supervision of Prof. Ernest Chave of the University of Chicago.

Chicago People's Church. Attendance at the four Easter services was 6,000. The Easter offering was over $7,000.

Columbus. It being agreed by all parties concerned, the church has joined the Meadville Conference.

Davenport. In conjunction with two other churches, plans have been made for an Armistice Day Service when that memorable day occurs.

Dayton. Several men of the church are planning to fly by private plane to Detroit to the Sunday afternoon Laymen's Session of the Western Conference, May 14.

Evanston. A set of *The Sacred Books of the East* has been placed in the chancel alongside the Hebrew-Christian Bible.

Grosse Pointe. The recently purchased church home was dedicated on January 30.

Hinsdale. The church actively participates in the Community Caucus, an organization for the purpose of maintaining efficient community government.

Kansas City. The entire church building has been redecorated, and a beautiful parsonage purchased for the minister.

Lawrence. A very successful interracial college youth group has been organized. Members of the church are active in the local cooperative store.

Rockford. The Church School numbers 100. There were 250 at the Easter service. There are active Boy Scout and Girl Scout Troops.

St. Louis. Mr. Hadley Grimm has been elected Superintendent of the Church School. Mrs. Charles H. Moran is Chairman of the Religious Education Committee, and is also Chairman of the Lake Geneva Conference Board.

Topeka. The church now advertises itself as "The First Church of Topeka (Congregational-Unitarian)."

Willmar. The building now occupied by the church was recently purchased for cash from the Christian Scientists.

PERSONALS

Dr. Curtis W. Reese, President of the Western Conference, has been elected President of the Western Branch of the American Theological Society, to succeed Prof. Wilhelm Pauck of the Chicago Theological Seminary. . . *Rev. Wallace W. Robbins* completed his ministry at St. Paul on Easter Sunday, and has begun his new duties as President of Meadville Theological School in Chicago. . . *Rev. Karl Bach* completed his work at Des Moines on March 19, and has begun his pastorate at Chelmsford, Massachusetts. . . *Rev. Tracy Pullman,* Detroit, and *Rev. Arthur Olsen,* Toledo, exchanged pulpits April 23. . . *Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer,* Third Church, Chicago, is the new Editor of the *Journal of Liberal Religion,* and *Rev. Ralph Bailey,* Milwaukee, is the new Associate Editor. . . *Prof. Edson S. Bastin,* longtime active member of First Church, Chicago, will retire this year from the faculty of the University of Chicago. Professor and Mrs. Bastin will make their home in Oberlin, Ohio. . . *Dr. and Mrs. Von Ogden Vogt,* who also retire this year, will make their home in Vero Beach, Florida. . . *Mr. George C. Claassen,* one of the most active members of the Cedar Rapids church, is a candidate for Congress on the Democratic Ticket. . . *Mr. Denison Hull* is the new President of the Board of Meadville Theological School. . . *Judge William Holly,* past president of the Meadville Board, is retiring this year from the Federal Bench in Chicago. . . *Mrs. Florence Bohrer,* of our church in Bloomington, is President of the Illinois State League of Women Voters.

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